

The Daily Courier.

Entered as second class matter at the postoffice, Conneltsville, Pa., May 1, 1907.

THE COURIER COMPANY,
Publishers.

H. F. SNYDER,
President and Managing Editor.
J. H. S. STIMMELL,
Secretary and Treasurer.

WEDNESDAY EVE'G, NOV. 6, 1912.

THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

The expected has happened in the Presidential campaign. The Republican party, torn with dissension and hopelessly divided, has been beaten and routed, and the banners of triumphant Democracy are waving in the ambient Wilson atmosphere. The unexpected that didn't happen, but which gave grave concern to Democratic leaders, was a landslide to Roosevelt. The remote possibility of the silent vote snatching victory from defeat for Taft has faded into fathomless space. The battle is over; the Democrats have won; and after March 4th, 1913, they will assume the administration of national affairs. Under the circumstances, it is a matter for congratulation that they have apparently gained control of Congress as well as the Presidency. There will in this case be no obstacles to the enforcement of their policies and no divided responsibility for their stewardship.

The verdict at the polls does not mean that the country is Democratic or that a majority of its citizens approve Democratic policies. The Democratic party in power, and its leaders, doubtless appreciate this fact, and they will probably bear it in mind in framing any legislation disturbing to business conditions. The Democratic tariff program, if carried out literally, will have a tendency to check the rising tide of prosperity; in fact, it has within it the possibility of panic and distress, as we have noted before; but repeated qualifying assurances of Governor Wilson during the campaign lead us to hope that his administration will be characterized by conservatism and common sense, in which event business will not take to the streets. In any case, there can be no immediate disturbance. The mills have orders enough to run full to midsummer coming, and there cannot be any tariff agitation until long after that time unless President Wilson calls Congress in extra session.

A notable feature of the election is the fact that in spite of the presence of a third party in the field and all the strenuous campaigning on the part of the Democratic and Progressive candidates, the vote shows a material falling off from that of 1908. The reasonable explanation of this fact is that many of the voters, disappointed or disgusted with the situation in their party, declined to go to the polls. The silent vote was undoubtedly Republican, and had it been cast it would have changed the result materially. Taft would have been a good second in the race if not an absolute winner.

It is useless now to dream of the might-have-beens or to dwell on the how-beings. We live in the present, and Republicans all have four years in which to contemplate party disaster, if nothing worse, and to forest their folly and organize a Get-Together Club. In the meantime, every road should show his confidence and support to the new administration.

PERSONALITIES AND POLITICS.

Widely known has been making some queer statements of opinion on the stable attitude in the Presidential campaign just ended; for example, the illustrious and unimpaired Uniontown Herald said:

"Throughout the campaign, 'The Herald' has consistently been for Taft. It has not stuck to the stock of arguments of the Republicans, but has found it necessary during this campaign to indulge in personalities. A man has a perfect right to support any candidate or party he chooses, and also a perfect right to support any candidate or party he chooses for doing this he is generally publicly received with a cold stare and a look of scorn by the local Bull Moose movement."

We subscribe to the doctrine that personalities should be kept out of politics as far as possible, but it is impossible to keep persons out of politics, and the fact that the Republican party has found it necessary during this campaign to indulge in personalities is a man has a perfect right to support any candidate or party he chooses, and also a perfect right to support any candidate or party he chooses for doing this he is generally publicly received with a cold stare and a look of scorn by the local Bull Moose movement."

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We are glad to note that 'The Herald' has become its campaign of reform by reforming itself. It is an open and notorious fact that 'The Herald' holds the medal for having written and printed more political personalities of more abusive character than any other newspaper in Fayette county with the possible exception of 'The Peoples Tribune' under the red-headed and riotous management of Editor Atkins.

We doubt very much whether the attacks upon the Bull Moose movement in Fayette county developed it half so much as the distinct notes of encouragement frequently voiced by 'The Herald', which apparently didn't know from day to day whether it stood at Antirepublican or at Antimoose.

Solt river swelled to flood-tide yesterday and on the crest of the rise down came a lot of Democrats who had been camping on the headwaters of the stream for the past twenty years. They seemed quite surprised at the growth of the country and pleased with the progress of Republican politics, but they shivered with terror at the mention of Wilson and a Tariff-repealment and said: "Why, that's the best we went up on."

The Republicans got it in the neck and the Democrats got everything else.

The Elephant was stronger but the Bull Moose was a better runner.

It wasn't so uncertain after all.

Wilson; that's all.

FOR PRESIDENT AND CONGRESS

DISTRICTS	President		Congress	
	Taft, R.	Wilson, D.	Rep.	Dem.
Brownsville Borough	122	157	51	20
Brownsville Twp.	122	157	51	20
Connellsville, 1 W.	81	109	28	11
Connellsville, 2 W.	122	157	51	20
Connellsville, 3 W.	122	157	51	20
Connellsville, 4 W.	122	157	51	20
Connellsville, 5 W.	122	157	51	20
Connellsville, 6 W.	122	157	51	20
Connellsville, 7 W.	122	157	51	20
Dunbar Borough	122	157	51	20
Dunbar Twp. No. 1	122	157	51	20
Dunbar Twp. No. 2	122	157	51	20
Dunbar Twp. No. 3	122	157	51	20
Dunbar Twp. No. 4	122	157	51	20
Dunbar Twp. No. 5	122	157	51	20
Dunbar Twp. No. 6	122	157	51	20
Dunbar Twp. No. 7	122	157	51	20
Dunbar Twp. No. 8	122	157	51	20
Dunbar Twp. No. 9	122	157	51	20
Dunbar Twp. No. 10	122	157	51	20
Dunbar Twp. No. 11	122	157	51	20
Dunbar Twp. No. 12	122	157	51	20
Dunbar Twp. No. 13	122	157	51	20
Dunbar Twp. No. 14	122	157	51	20
Dunbar Twp. No. 15	122	157	51	20
Dunbar Twp. No. 16	122	157	51	20
Dunbar Twp. No. 17	122	157	51	20
Dunbar Twp. No. 18	122	157	51	20
Dunbar Twp. No. 19	122	157	51	20
Dunbar Twp. No. 20	122	157	51	20
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Dunbar Twp. No. 97	122	157	51	20
Dunbar Twp. No. 98	122	157	51	20
Dunbar Twp. No. 99	122	157	51	20
Dunbar Twp. No. 100	122	157	51	20

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

One Cent a Word

Wanted.

WANTED—YOU TO ADVERTISE IN our classified columns.

WANTED—SALESMAN FOR SATURDAY afternoon. Apply to

MANAGER, Union Credit Clothing Co., 207 N. Pittsburg street.

WANTED—LADIES BRING YOUR

combs to 317 S. Pittsburg street and have a switch made for \$1.00.

WANTED—MAN TO WORK ABOUT

stable. Single man preferred. Address

J. E. DUNHAM, Star Junction, Pa.

WANTED—AT THE OLIVER COKE

plant, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

WANTED—DO YOU WANT WORK?

No capital required. Steady employment for reliable men. Can earn good money. Apply to

particulars call at address, 127 E. MAIN STREET, Conneltsville, Pa.

FOR RENT—TWO-ROOM HOUSES,

with bath, furnished attic. A. W. HOVEMAN, Tel. State 70.

FOR RENT—FURNISHED ROOM

with bath, 317 JOHNSON AVENUE.

FOR RENT—FURNISHED ROOM

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FOR RENT—FURNISHED ROOM

with bath, 317 JOHNSON AVENUE.

whiskers and is stooped. At the time of his disappearance he wore a black suit, black soft hat and carried a cane.

J. B. FLYDELL, R. F. D. No. 32, Dunbar, Pa.

Administrator's Notice.

H. G. May, Attorney.

ESTATE OF HENRY ILLINO, LATE of

Buttsville township, Fayette county, Pennsylvania. Letters of administration

on the above named estate, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and to those having claims against the same, to present them properly authenticated for settlement.

GEORGE B. ILLINO, Administrator.

P. O. Address, Conneltsville, Pa. R. D. No. 33.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, COUNTY of Fayette.

Before me, the subscriber, a Notary Public within and for said County and personally appeared JAMES A. DRISCOLL, who being duly sworn according to law, did depose and say:

That he is Manager of Circulation of 'The Courier', a daily newspaper published in Conneltsville, Pa., and that the number of papers printed during the week ending Saturday, November 2, 1912 was as follows:

October 28.....6,718

October 29.....6,718

October 30.....6,718

October 31.....6,718

November 1.....6,718

November 2.....6,718

Total.....32,590

Daily Average.....6,718

DEMOCRATS WIN IN SCOTSDALE; KEISTER SENT TO CONGRESS

Bull Moose Poll Large Vote in Borough, but Lose Fight.

WILSON GETS 3/8 BALLOTS

C. H. Gregg Falls to Third in Victory With Party; Socialists Make Great Gain; Beautiful Weather and No Disorder Mark the Election Day.

Special to The Courier.
SCOTSDALE, Nov. 6.—With the loveliest weather for election in years, the vote in Scottdale was practically a light one yesterday. Attention centered upon the Republican, Democratic and Washington tickets, but the Socialists made the greatest gain ever known here, their presidential candidates receiving in all four wards, 2 votes.

Local interest centered upon A. L. Keister, Republican-Washington candidate for Congress in this district against C. H. Gregg, the Democratic incumbent. The votes in the wards were as follows:

	1	2	3	4	Total
Keister, R.	100	80	42	31	253
Gregg, D.	101	87	109	40	337
Wilson, P.	0	0	0	0	0
Others	0	0	0	0	0

This gave Keister 611 votes to Gregg's 317. The Washington party was the leader in voting in this town. In the Senatorial district, Republican, Keister, Progressive, and Washington, had 561 votes to Special, Democratic-Progressive, 317. In the contest for Assembly, the Socialists made the greatest gain, 10 votes were cast as follows: In town, Ely, H. W. 141; M. Allen, R. W. 511. Shuck, R. W. 501. Huzar, Dem-Prog. 341; Lowe, Dem-Prog. 353; and Bloomer, Dem-Prog. 349.

For President the total vote in the four wards was: Republican, 157; Democratic, 328; Bull Moose, 23; Prohibition, 72; Socialist, 72; Roosevelt-Progressive, 21; and Washington, 49. The election was very quiet, the fewest challenges and the fewest number of affidavits being made in the various wards in many elections being noticeable at this one.

OIL AND GAS BOOM SHOWN IN SOMERSET BY NEW LEASES

People's Company of Pittsburgh and Many Others File Records of Contract.

Special to The Courier.
SOMERSET, Nov. 6.—Oil and gas leases left for recording in the county recorder's office today for the prospecting for these products in Somerset county, which has been in progress for some months, is expanding to a larger territory, than originally drilled.

Increased interest in applications for public gas franchises in several Somerset county towns by the People's Gas Company, of Pittsburgh, is one of the results of the extension of the prospecting activities.

The People's Natural Gas Company, a reputed subsidiary of the Standard Oil company, is now in process of recording the instruments that are now being placed on record. The leases are properly owned in Somerset, Northampton and Luzerne counties.

The rest of the lease indicates that extensive drilling operations will be commenced in the near future. Among the provisions in the papers is a clause to the effect that a driller is to be put down on each of the leased farms within six months, or the gas company will pay the sum of \$7 for every three months delay in beginning active operations.

Other features of the leases are that each lease shall receive the sum of \$50, payable in advance, for every three months that gas is removed from his land, and one of every eight barrels of gas produced, the royalty proportion to become effective within 60 days after starting to take oil or gas from the wells.

It is mutually agreed, the leases state that for a minimum period of 10 years, and as long thereafter as oil and gas or either of them, is produced from the land leased. The lease also gives the gas company the privilege of mining and operating for oil and gas, laying pipe lines, and erecting tank stations and buildings for the convenient handling of the product of the wells, on the surface of the land covered by the agreement.

In addition it is provided that each lessee may lay a pipe line to any productive well on his land and gas will be supplied free for his own use in furnishing heat and light.

The People's Natural Gas Company's original prospecting was confined to Haverhill and Bedford townships, the results of their drilling being in gas, and their invasion of other sections of the county is taken to mean that their efforts have been successful.

Neither oil or gas is produced in the county at present and the discovery of either would mean a tremendous boom in mineral development. The leases cover farms owned by the following: In Somerset township, W. H. Stoutman, Parker Stutz, man, N. C. Hays and C. B. Wilson; in Haverhill township, L. S. Martin, C. W. Knappier and C. C. May; in Bedford township, A. N. Wolfe, Stone Creek, Lewis, J. H. Walker, to see R. F. Ryan, and Joseph Walker; N. B. Mosler and Joseph Mosler.

Somerset County Marriage License Clerk of the District Court, Bert F. Latta has issued marriage licenses to the following: Pasquale Quaranta and Maria Gelli both of Meyersdale; Bertha J. Dixon and Elmer M. Hauker, both of Elm Hill; Jacob Cordwell and Cora May Pitt both of Haverhill; Alexander De Rubels and Cora May Fochel, both of Windsor; Harry F. Statler and Hannah M. Foust, both of Elm Township; George Milton Lowe and Emily Mae Lichter, both of Salisbury.

WHEN WINTER COMES.

Afternoon Fur Set in Silver Fox.



SILVER FOX IN NEW REPORT.

Silver fox, so beautiful in itself that it needs no embellishment, shows to the utmost advantage in this fur set of medium size. The scarf is frankly the entire little animal. The muff is made from the trunk of a second young fox, whose head and brush trim the hat, topping the costume of black velvet trimmed with Hercules brand and white brand cloth.

AMERICAN HOMES.

What the English Author, Arnold Bennett, Has to Say About Them.

When I began to make the acquaintance of the American private house I felt like one who, son of an exiled mother, had been born abroad and had at length entered his real country. That is to say, I felt at home. I felt that all this practical comfort and my own had been specially destined for each other since the beginning of time and that fate was at last being fulfilled. Freely I admit that until I reached America I had not understood what real domestic comfort, generously conceived, could be. I had always in this particular allied with my own country, whose average notion of comfort still is to leave the drawing room (temperature 70 degrees—near the fire) at midnight, pass by a wind swept hall and staircase (temperature 55 degrees) to a bedroom full of blue fresh air (temperature 50 to 55 degrees) and in that chamber, having removed piece by piece every bit of warm clothing to sleep imperfectly protected between icy sheets and wait for sleep. Certainly I had always contested the joyfulness of that particular process, but my imagination had fallen short of the delicious lunatic reality of comfort in an American home.

Now, having regained the "barbaric seats" whence I came, I read with a peculiar expression the advertisements of fashionable country and town residences to rent or for sale, such as "Choke residence, five reception rooms, sixteen bedrooms, bathroom," or, "Thoroughly up to date mansion; six reception rooms, splendid hall, billiard room, twenty-four bedrooms, two bathrooms, I read this literature to be discovered textually every week in the best illustrated weeklies, and I smile. Also I wonder, faintly blushing, what Americans do think of the residential aspects of European house property when they first see it. And I wonder, without blushing, to what miraculous degree of perfection comfort American build calls all their urban dwellings. If only they cared enough to keep the professional politician out of their sheets as strictly as they keep him out of their houses.—Arnold Bennett in Harper's Magazine.

What She Really Wanted.

They looked like newly married folk, but evidently were not on their honeymoon. The woman laid down a newspaper she had been reading and said to her husband, "I wish I had one of these utilities. Oh, I think it would be just grand to sit on a rock with somebody and have him rave about the incomparable golden color of my hair and tell me that my eyes were the most beautiful in the whole world and—"

"Oh, huh!" said the husband, yawning. "And that the delicate pink of my cheeks had been painted there by the angels and that he couldn't live with out me. Oh, I think an utility like that would be—"

"Isn't an utility you want?" interrupted the husband. "What you seem to want is a plain, old fashioned bar."

Durability of Steel.

It has been shown that nearly all the failures of steel occur very early in its history. If a plate or bar of mild steel lasts for a year in service it may be trusted to last for many years. The most injurious thing is continual bending backward and forward, as in what is called the "panting" of a boiler end. As one authority puts it, steel has a somewhat "rumorous youth," but "in middle age it is trustworthy and in old age beyond reproach." In regard to corrosion there is difference of opinion, some holding that steel corrodes more readily than iron.



Mourning Stationery.
The formal woman is particular about her mourning stationery and visiting cards. She decreases the width of the border on her letter paper as she lightens her craps, also regulates it by her degree of relationship to the deceased.

The broadest border, a full half inch, is used by a widow as long as she wears unrelieved craps. When she permits herself a touch of white the stationery is bordered by three-eighths of an inch of black, lessened by prescribed degrees until in second mourning, when lavender or gray is appearing in costume, a mere thread of black is used.

For a parent or child the border starts at a quarter of an inch and is lessened after six months to an eighth of an inch and at the end of a year reduced to a slender line. Borders on visiting cards correspond with those on writing paper.

The average person chooses her mourning borders by individual taste rather than by rule and rarely changes the width until in second mourning.

Good taste avoids the daunting of grief and rarely countenances a border wider than a quarter of an inch, even for a widow. Even this is a trifle wide. Three-sixteenths of an inch is a better width for widows, parents or children and an eighth of an inch for a sister or brother.

The paper used is dead white linen of plain weave and lusterless. It is used for a mourning border on striped or fancy paper, even though the color is kept white. Where a transparent paper is liked, as for foreign correspondence or to save postage, besides the border there is a separate lining of black tissue paper for each envelope.

Addresses and monograms are often stamped in unrelieved black. Some persons prefer them embossed in relief without color, especially if there be telephone and telegram numbers in addition to the address. When these are all in black they look less overpowering. If a miniature receiver and telephone pole and lines are used instead of the word telephone or telegram.

As mourning borders are expensive, the stationery of grief is costly. It can rarely be had by the pound, as other papers, but sometimes is cheaper by the box, containing several quires. As there is usually a reduction for getting a large quantity, it pays to buy in a supply.

Correspondence cards carry the same borders as writing paper. When there are no engraved acknowledgments these cards are quite large enough for a few words of appreciation. Sometimes a sentence is written across the top of the visiting card.

Black bordered envelopes to fit the visiting card should be bought by the hundred, as the card will do social duty during the entire period of mourning.

Art of Conversation.

The art of polite conversation seems to be a lost one, yet there is not anything in the line of etiquette that so surely betrays brooding. To interrupt is to be rude, no matter how much one knows or how badly one wishes to say it. To carry on a perfectly well placed conversation with some sort of meaning in the words is a proof that one has been taught politeness.

It has been said, and possibly with a great grain of truth, that a roomful of women will all talk at once, yet there is nobody to set them a better example, as men are worse. With raucous voice and many times a lot of perfectly useless adjectives they take many a precious moment to say what could be said with a great deal less noise and a great deal more dignity.

Of course to converse does not mean just talking. It means saying something well worth while, and this really is the test. A hostess has a right to expect her guests to "make conversation," it is true, but a label of sound is not at all desirable. This is where the low voice and soft expression have their proper belonging, yet where too often both are lost in the desire to make oneself heard above all others.

Current topics of the day are always safe subjects for conversation, but it is better to talk and therefore better brooding unless one is well acquainted with one's neighbor and can say anything without fear of repetition making unbecoming. To talk only of fashions is a mistake. To talk of music to a musician may be also a mistake unless one is fully acquainted with the subject. To talk of a historian will not do, he knows a great deal more than can be told him. In fact, to talk "shop," as the saying goes, is rarely advisable where a company is gathered together for entertainment.

Books are always safe. Discussions may and do arise. Situations heated arguments for and against attract and make an hour pass pleasantly. The weather is a very obliging subject. It cannot talk back, is always just the thing one does not particularly like and can come in for any amount of blame without making anybody present feel cross. So it seems that to converse well in a general way one should avoid a great many subjects and go warily about others. Any discussion may be heated without anger, and this means the etiquette of conversation.

Package McFarland vs Yeund Jack O'Brien, 6 rounds, at Philadelphia. Paul Brown vs William Saylor, 8 rounds, at Windsor, Ont.

Watching the Bulletin



The ONLOOKER
WILBUR D. NESBIT

OLD SHIPS



They lounge against the crumbling pier. The old ships that may and no more. One day they hurried far and near. But now they dawdle along the shore. With raised rig and broken hull. And tottering masts and sunken deck. They dream of days of storm and luck. Of chosen voyages and a wreck.

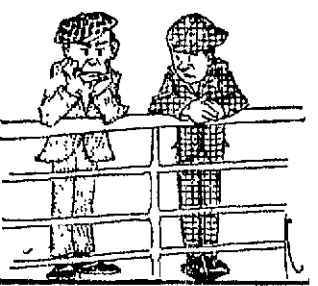
Who knows? The old ships do not tell. If what the writer whispers is true. When hulls they break or swell. Is something of the long ago. But times then were when each old ship. Will lift and lose as though to start. Once more upon a world-round trip. Once more to every scud of mart.

And then it nods and seems to droop. Nor heeds the waves that race along. And shoot of seaward painting bows. Of rigging humming in a song. But so it dreams then of the days. When old sea-battles gave it scars. Of riches when it found all the ways. Above the ocean-mirrored stars.

The old ship! Do they bubble then. Or is it but the water's swirl? But do they breathe of brassy men. And shout of cannon and flying shell. Of swishing sails and the rattle. Of long long courses that were run. Of shattered masts and tattered sails. Of havens lost and harbors won?

So we, when we grow old—when we have voyaged of joy and pain. We moor by some eternal sea. But chafe our rusty anchor chain. And lift and lose as though to start. To what far lands may lie beyond. To what horizons we may lift.

HE GAVE THEM ALL UP.



"Some of those foreign dishes on the dinner menu were a puzzle to me," confided the First Seaside Passenger to the Second Seaside Passenger, as they stood conveniently near the rail.

"Puzzles?" asked the Second Seaside Passenger. "I guess they were. But I gave them all up long ago."

A Shrewd Man.

Goph—Old Gettit is a smooth customer. Wooph—So they say. Goph—Did you ever hear about the time Boomville offered a subsidy for

manufacturing establishments, and he planted a rhubarb field, and got in on the fond because he was promoting several pie plants?"

Method in It.
"Yes, old Mr. Curmudgeon is always the Santa Claus at our Sunday school Christmas tree exercises," says the native.

"Indeed," remarks the visitor. "He must be a benevolent, jolly old man." "Not much. He's as stingy as they make 'em, but he always insists on being Santa because he says that the work of playing the part comes to more than would buy the presents he would have to give otherwise."

Suited Him.
"Where do you keep the scorching automobiles?" he asked of the devil. "Haven't one here," he surprises us by replying. "Let one in a few years ago and sentenced him to run at sixty miles an hour along a road lined with constables armed with pitchforks and rifles, and he grinned and said that would be heaven enough for him."

Perfect Resemblance.
"He looks like a Greek god," she said. "Greek god, indeed," we answered. "Why, his nose is terribly broken." Mutely she pointed to an ancient Greek statuette on the mantelpiece and we felt that we were confounded in fact.

A Great Curiosity.
Museum Barker—Stop up good people! Step up! We've got the only one in existence! Prospective Patron—To's only what? "The only newspaper paragrapher who never wrote a squib about there being many a slip 'twixt the cup and the Lipson."

The Realistic School.
"This," said the Impudent Artist, "is my famous study of the Cows in the Clover."

"But where is the clover?" we asked, not seeing any of it in the picture. "Oh, the cows have eaten it, you know."

One Explanation.
"The audience being upon his words," said the Intellectual Person, describing the lecture. "He must have been giving them the books," commented the Slangy Individual.

It Was.
"Did you hear that drinking song of mine in the last act?" asked the prima donna. "I thought that was a drinking song," responded the low comedian, "because it was a high bowl."

Why They Gushed.
"But his letters are so gushing," they protested to the fair young thing who was corresponding with a sentimental youth. "I know they are," she said, "but you must remember that he writes with a fountain pen."

By Sympathy, Perhaps.
"Some of the jokes in this show are very spicy," commented Mr. Lushforth, after he had returned for the third act. "Yes," murmured his wife, as a distinct flavor of clove was wafted toward her, "and they seem to have affected your breath."

Conclusive Evidence.
"Is she pretty?" they asked of the young man who was speaking of his fiancee. "Well, I don't want to boast," he replied, "but she always gets a seat on the street car."

Wilbur D. Nesbit

Catering, Weddings and Parties Also decorator. Every thing new and up-to-date
GEO. F. PRICHARD
235 North Pittsburg St.
Connellsville, Pa.

KOBACKER'S

THE BIG STORE

Women's Handkerchiefs at a Great Reduction.

Great Chance for Early Christmas Buyers.

In order to make room for our big holiday line of Women's Handkerchiefs that are arriving daily we must dispose of our big stock on hand—Hence this great chance to buy linen Handkerchiefs at mere nothing. Remember our entire line is placed on sale including lawn, linen, linen hemstitched, lace edging and in fact every Handkerchief that we have is priced so low that they are bound to sell fast.

Buy your Christmas Handkerchiefs now and save half.

1 lot regular 15c values, lace and embroidered Handkerchiefs..... **9c**

1 lot regular 20c values, hand embroidered and hemstitched, each..... **12 1/2c**

1 lot of 25c Handkerchiefs, embroidered, hemstitched, dainty, also real hand embroidered corners, real linen..... **15c**

1 lot of real 39c Handkerchiefs in lace and embroidered, hemstitched, pure linen..... **25c**

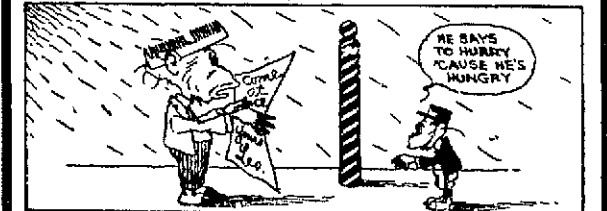
1 lot of hand embroidered initial Handkerchiefs, regular 15c value, nearly all letters, pure linen..... **9c**

SPECIAL NOTE!

See our authentic display of Furs on the second floor.

ON PITTSBURG St.

MR. LION.



OLD MR. MONK WAS KNOWN TO BE THE VILLAGE BARBER. DON'T YOU SEE ONE DAY HE GOT AN URGENT CALL TO SHAVE THE LION—THAT WAS ALL.



SAID MONK "I'VE OFTEN SHAVED A CAT—I'VE OFTEN SHAVED A DOG OR RAT. BUT ONE MUST BE REAL CAREFUL WHEN HE BEARDS A LION IN HIS DEN."

Have Your Clothes Made Your Way and to Your Measure.

Why have your measure taken by incompetent persons and then made up by inexperienced workmen when you can have a first class Suit or Overcoat made to order and guaranteed in every respect for only \$15.

MADE TO MEASURE
\$15 ALL SUITS \$15
ALL OVERCOATS \$15
NO MORE NO LESS

In order to get the best results it is necessary to have the pattern drafted by the same person who takes the measure and this can only be accomplished by placing your order with us as we are the only Custom Tailors in Connellsville operating Our Own Plant. No Suits made up in other shops, but every Suit or Overcoat is given personal attention and made in our own modern equipped factory at Hagerstown, Md.

The Royal Woolen Mills Co.

"TAILORS TO ALL CLASSES."

109 E. Main Street, 27 1/2 N. Potomac Street,
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The only exclusive \$15 Suit and Overcoat Store in the city.

DO AMERICANS TALK TOO MUCH?

Pierre Loti, French Writer
Now Here, Thinks
We Do.

MAY JUDGE US BY REPORTERS

By These He Is "Bombarded by Interrogations," Thinks Time Spent in "Habitual Discourse" Wasted, Compliments Us on Progress.

Among those arriving at New York recently on the Savaris from Havre was Captain Louis Julien Vaud, retired, of the French navy, who as Pierre Loti has achieved worldwide fame as an author and an oriental traveler and latterly as a playwright. His works known best in this country are "The Last Days of Peking" and "Mme Chrysanthème," from which he declares David Belasco's play, "Madame Butterfly" and Puccini's opera of the same name were taken. Like the majority of men who follow the sea, Pierre Loti is short in stature and modest in speaking of himself. He can read English perfectly, but does not use it in speaking. In Turkish he can converse as fluently as in his native tongue.

This dreamer student of sensations and writer of many shadowed prose submitted to several American interviews. "Bombarded by interrogations," he expressed it. Among the first of the things he said or, rather, delicately intimated was that Americans talk too much.

M. Loti has lived much in Turkey and among the orientals which may explain his viewpoint regarding things American. In the course of his interviews he said:

"I admire the control of speech exhibited by the orientals, who have learned the value of silence. The time lost in a futile outpouring of words can never be recovered. It is better as I view it, to dream to meditate and not to interrupt the course of reverie than to immerse one's self in the banalities of modern discourse. It is the example of the silent orient shown in its constant yielding of its secrets to me that has so far guided me. It is unnecessary to seek other reason for my reticence.

"Hard to Understand Yankees. Must confess," he went on, "that it seems to me very hard to assume the state of being a Yankee than that of an oriental."

"It is all bound up with the baffling factor of temperament. Yours, it seems to me, is admirably adapted for those industrial conquests in which it is proving so triumphant. I can mine it without experiencing the feeling that I have been born for this new world of life.

"In a way you not perhaps paid," he asked, "are you not perhaps paying too dearly for your material progress? It is ill to lose the faculty of contemplation and the conditions of life that encourage it. Progress in commerce and industry you have achieved to a point which excites me. But I fear you have allowed yourselves to forget a progress which is to be preferred to these forms of it. The kind of progress I mean results in the greatest happiness and the greatest liberty."

"Contemplative nations like China and Turkey, in the early days of their history were happier than we with all the accomplishments of modern life. More and more, if these traditions of peace and lawfulness are destroyed and the world begins to quiver in pure without corresponding deepening of thought, decadence certainly sets in."

"Need of Contemplation. It is not easy that men should be made to think, without commotion even without movement if they are to advance toward the attainment of moral perfection and self-poise. The contemplative nations represent among the nations of the world what the church and the monasteries stand for in the individual nation."

"In the United States which as a nation is very young it is necessary to its growth that it is very preoccupied with material affairs that be contented with a great literary and philosophic literature of the kind would penetrate more and more deeply among your people through the influence of an elite of thoughtful men."

"To think is itself a form of action and in a sense a superior form of it. It is this discovery which America could make with supreme advantage to herself."

NEW GERMAN COINS.

Up to Date Likeness of Kaiser Will Be Executed.

In honor of the celebration next year of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the emperor's accession to the throne new coins both in gold and silver, will be struck.

The coins now in use throughout Germany bear a likeness of the emperor as he appeared only a year or two after he became emperor, when still a young man without a trace of the serious lines which his recent illness has greatly accentuated. The new coins will represent him as he is to day in the uniform of a colonel and his breast covered with decorations.

Professor Sturm who is well known throughout Germany as a maker of medals will execute the new portrait of Wilhelm II.

He that runs out by extravagance must retrieve by parsimony.—From the Dutch.

PANAMA CANAL FORETOLD BY THE POET GOETHE.

Great German Said America Would Link the Two Oceans.

It is interesting just at this time, when the world's diplomacy is so agitated over the matter of tolls through the Panama canal, to find a prophetic utterance of Goethe, Germany's greatest poet and philosopher, bearing intimate upon the canal and its part in the development of civilization.

What we know of Goethe as prophet is chiefly owing to the restless and indefatigable Johann Peter Eckermann, who reports a conversation which took place Feb. 21, 1827. Goethe on this day, says Eckermann spoke with admiration of Alexander von Humboldt, whose work on Cuba and Colombia he had begun reading and whose opinion of the project of cutting through the isthmus seemed to have a special appeal for him.

"I should be greatly surprised," said Goethe, "if the United States missed its opportunity to accomplish such an enterprise."

"It is to be anticipated that this young nation, with its pronounced westward movement, will within thirty or forty years have taken possession of the great stretches of land beyond the Rocky mountains and populated them. Furthermore, it is probable that all along the Pacific coast where nature has provided safe and spacious harbors there will in time rise up many commercially important coast cities to handle an important trade between the United States and China and the East Indies. But under these circumstances it would be not only desirable but almost essential that merchant vessels as well as warships, maintain more rapid communication between the east and west coasts of North America than has hitherto been possible."

"I repeat, therefore, it is absolutely essential for the United States to establish a passage from the gulf of Mexico to the Pacific ocean, and I am sure it will attain this end."

"I should like to live to see this, but I shall not. I should also like to see a connection established between the Danube and the Rhine. For this undertaking, too, is so gigantic that I doubt its accomplishment."

"Finally, I should like to see the English in possession of a Suez canal. These three great things I should like to see accomplished. It would be well worth while on their account to bear with life for several half centuries to come."

Goethe died in 1832, just thirty seven years before the Suez canal was opened for navigation and forty three years before England gained control of it by purchase of the khedive's shares, also thirty three years before the date set for the opening of the Panama canal.

FEARED THE HOODOO.

A Story That Was Told on Jesse Burket, the Ball Player.

Of all the superstitious ball players none can hold a candle to Jesse Burket, the old Cleveland outfielder. "Jesse and the rest of us were out at Delmar track, in St. Louis," said Bobby Wallace in telling the story, "Jesse got down \$20 at 3 to 5 on a good thing that may be running yet."

"Burket had been clipped to this by George Kestler, race track man. After the race Jesse turned on Kestler with one of his snarls and Kestler, knowing his fear of hoodoo, said:

"I'll put the Spanish curse on you for a week for that."

The next day Burket failed to get a hit and muffed a fly. The day after he booted a grounder and struck out twice. That night he hunted up Kestler.

"Come up to my room," said Burket.

"Kestler went along, and Burket unwrapped a package displaying a beautiful sword, and said:

"George, I'll give you that sword—it cost me \$2—if you'll take off that Spanish curse."

"Kestler snatched his fingers three times and said, 'It's off.'"

"And the next day, strange to say, Burket made three hits and felled like a fiend."

Men For All Jobs.

Is there a single position that nobody will take? Not so long since the position of public executioner fell vacant, but in spite of the grim occupation there were a very considerable number of applicants. Prison wardens suffer from no blank spaces in their forces, and there is always a sufficient supply of recruits to meet any demand.

Work in the sewers is not nearly so bad as it is imagined to be; but, however unpalatable the task, there are always beginners ready for employment. Scavengers we can always get, and each lowly task necessary calling is well filled.

Turning to dangerous avocations, there is no shortage of divers or steepjackers. Dynamite and gunpowder mills do not have to seek far for hands.

Is there a single job carrying some sort of remuneration for which there are no applicants?—London Answer.

Too Late to Change.

"A man can no more change his reputation than he can change his face or his arms," said a senator at a banquet.

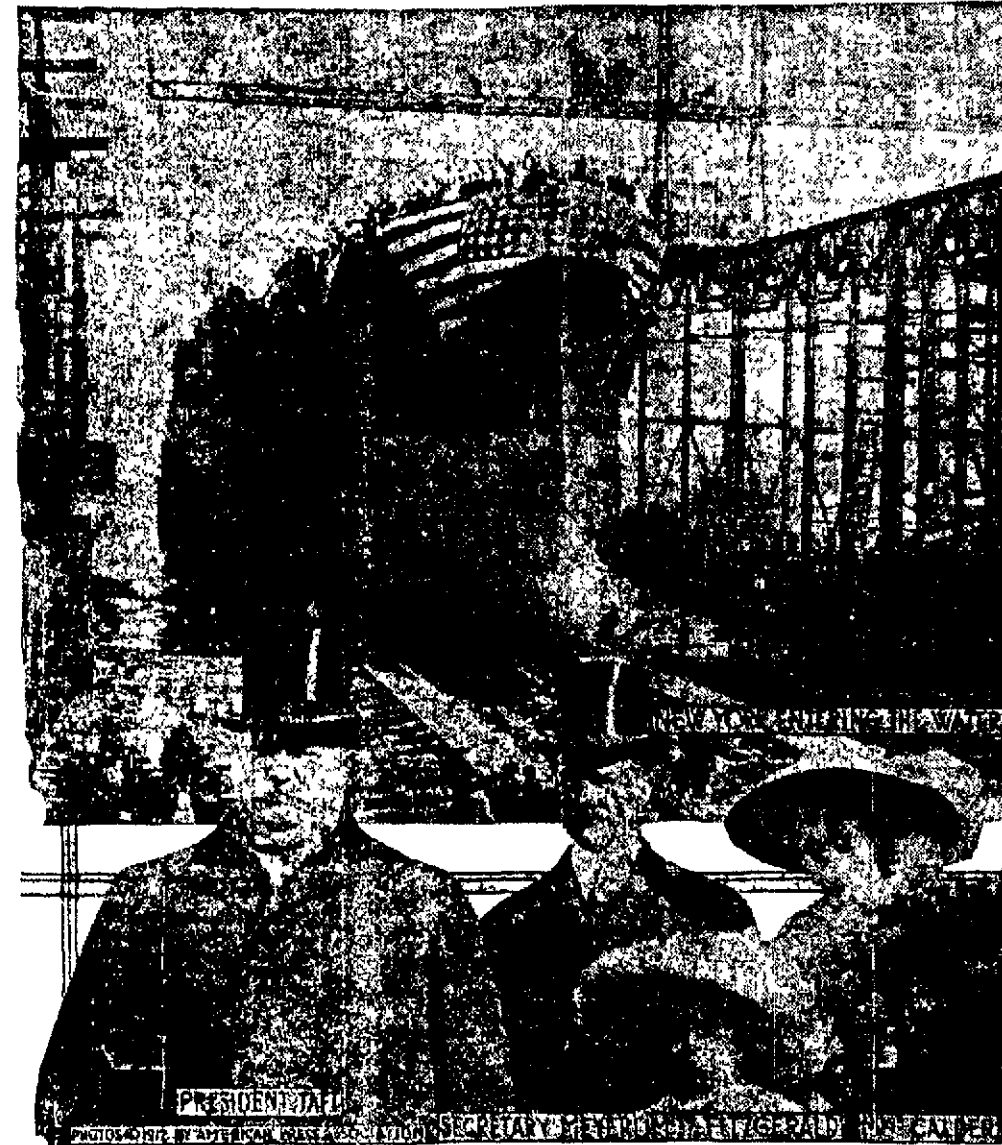
There was once a wicked old millionaire who took his plaster nose and said:

"I'm going to retire, Dr. Thirly. I'm going to devote the remainder of my life to doing good."

"Dr. Thirly, an outspoken man, retorted:

"Do you mean John H. Good, the wealthy farmer, or young Sam Good, the Socialist millionaire?"—Exchange.

Battleship New York, Launched at Brooklyn Navy Yard, Will Receive Her Armor and Guns in Few Months



A MENACE TO OIL SHIPS.

The Deadly Vapor That Stays After the Petroleum Is Gone.

The explosion of vessels carrying petroleum frequently occurs, and this is generally caused not by the cargoes of oil which they contain but by the inflammable vapor which is left behind after the bulk tanks of the ships have been emptied.

It is difficult to remove all the oil that adheres to the sides of the tank, and the evaporation of the oil film left in them after they have been pumped out takes place with great rapidity. Moreover, the vapor thus formed mingles readily with the air and is capable of rendering more than 2,000 times its own volume of the flammable inflammable. A spark may thus cause a fearful explosion in the hold of a ship that is apparently empty.

A film of petroleum spreading over the surface of the water has been known to produce enough of this volatile and dangerous vapor to cause a conflagration, by which a number of ships lying in a harbor have been and are being consumed in roaring flames as if by a stroke of magic.

In some parts of the world as at Baku, the center of the Russian petroleum trade a film of oil continually covers the water for a considerable distance from shore, and warnings of the danger there have more than once been given.—Exchange.

HOW TO ESCAPE HIGH PRICES.

Sparrow Pie the Answer of One Jersey Town.

"High cost of living" is no longer a question with the residents of Nutley, N. J., thanks to the ingenuity of former Fire Chief Harry H. Stager, which has been the means of supplying with out cost the principal ingredient for potpies and soup.

The fry covered walls of the town hall have become the home of hundreds of sparrows and the continuous noise made by the birds has become such a nuisance that it interferes with the work of the officials.

Stager, who was appealed to, spread a huge net from the roof in which the birds as they fly out from the vines are entrapped. Stager has captured more than 800 birds and has found no trouble in giving them away. It is claimed that the pies made from these birds are delicious.

AIRSHIPS SAFER THAN AUTOS.

Orville Wright Says So—Can Carry Twenty-five in Air.

"Flying today is safer than traveling at the same speed in automobiles and is certainly much safer than automobile racing," said Orville Wright recently.

He declared that it was possible to construct machines that would carry twenty-five persons or that would travel 100 miles, but at present he saw no necessity for such fliers. He predicted that the aeroplane will supplant train service for making short and hurried trips across the country.

"Within a few years it will be possible to make a run from New York to Chicago in an aeroplane," Mr. Wright said.

He asserted that the present epidemic of aviation accidents was due to careless and reckless driving.

The ONLOOKER BY WILBUR D. NESBIT AS CHILDREN DO



Sometimes when night is creeping down And all the world about it dim, And he must go to sleep—

You lie down at the side of him And whisper soothing little things To children words such as you frame To tell the sound of beetle wings And how the broody gets its flame.

And soon the world grows darker yet And to the little fellow a cry Strange hidden dangers now beset The shadow places in the side, But you speak low and comforting And tell him none of them are there, That near him is not anything But what is good and kind and fair.

Then trembling come his little hands Out through the dark and find your face As though by touch he understands That he is in the safest place And so with fingers on your cheek He sighs contentedly to sleep— And you—may not even speak, So very, very still you keep.

Sometimes you as a little child Shall fall into an unknown night And shall yearn for the stars that smiled With all their soothing drowsy light And you as little children do May grope out through the darks of space.

And sigh in peace to sleep, when you At last have touched your Father's face.

The Vexation of Being Changed As a man grows older two things happen to him.

He grows bald and he grows fat This is nine times out of ten. If he grows neither fat nor bald he attracts comment.

The trouble about the fatness and the baldness is that each time some one meets him after a lapse of a year or two that some one is sure to say, "You're getting a little bit bald," or

"You've gained considerably." One can conceal his baldness; he may keep his hat on all the time, and indoors there is the ever present aid of a wig to be utilized.

But fatness refuses to be concealed. It advertises itself when one walks, climbing stairs is a wheezy proposition, dancing is an occasion for grief, and when one sits down he has to keep thinking of what he is doing or he will spread out fat-manically.

Dining, exercise, massage, hot baths—nothing stops fat any more than anything reveals hair in the head after it has decided to quit the job.

Yet both fatness and baldness might be endured were it not for the folk who do not see one for a year or so, and then only see him to tell him "You are getting a little bald," or "You've gained considerably."

The Original Woman. Now, Eve was writing a letter to her daughter-in-law, who was Cain's wife and she asked Adam to get another sheet of birch bark to complete the message upon.

"All right," said Adam, "but you had better let the trees get another ten years' growth before you try to write any postscripts."

Force of Habit. "Have you no regret?" we asked of the druggist who had served arsenic instead of quinine.

"No," he replied, "but I have something just as good."

However, he well knew that we expected him to say this also why would we have written the first question?

Eve's Temptation. Now, the serpent, in the form of a book publisher, tempted Eve, speaking in this manner: "I'll pay you thirty per cent. royalty on those old love letters of Adam's."

What woman could resist, especially as the fall shades in fig leaves had just arrived?

Gratifying Progress. "How is your wife getting along?" we ask of our friend.

"Splendidly," he beams. "The doctor began with a tonic consisting of a new hat every two weeks and now she's got her so that she can wear a sensible coat and a full set of ermine furs."

Have You Anything For Sale? If so advertise it in our classified column. Cost—one cent a word.

Dejected Men and Women

You may feel that life is dark and dreary, but there is sunshine for you if you will try.

Dr. Greene's Nervura

WILL YOU LET THIS OPPORTUNITY GO BY WITHOUT TESTING ITS TRUTH?

DR. GREENE may be consulted free by all who call or write, 9 West 14th St., New York City—Advertisement.

A BIG BUSINESS

needs a big, strong bank to give it the right kind of banking service—

This bank, with assets of more than \$2,500,000.00 has been the financial bulwark of many successful enterprises—

It will give YOU the service you should have, whether your business is large or small.

Ask for our Monthly Trade Review

The First National Bank

"The Bank That Does Things for You"

129 WEST MAIN STREET, CONNELLSVILLE, PA.

4% on Savings Money Orders Steamship Tickets

Efficient Service and Courteous Treatment

Has enabled us, within the past year, to double the number of our customers. Quite a number of persons are societies with surplus funds, who do not want to tie up their money subject to the rules of a regular 4% account are taking advantage of our special 5% accounts. If you are a customer at this bank you will always find us willing to extend any reasonable accommodation on satisfactory security.

Our Customers Always Receive the Preference.

If you have a little ready money it will pay you to open an account with us, become acquainted, and take advantage of our service.

The Colonial National Bank

CONNELLSVILLE, PA.

Corner Main and Pittsburg Streets.

4% Interest paid on Certificates and Time Deposits. Foreign Department equipped to give the best of service.

FOR THE HOME

You wish to own later on—are you saving money towards its purchase?

Begin by taking out a savings book at Our Savings Department today—save steadily, systematically week by week and the cash you require to pay for a home will soon become a fact—not a theory!

Hundreds have thus become home owners—why not you?

4% Interest paid on savings

Union National Bank,

West Side, Connelville, Pa.

The Yough National Bank,

126 W. Main St., Connelville, Pa.

Capital and Surplus	\$150,000
Total Resources	\$900,000

4% Interest Paid on Savings.

Vote for whom you please but deposit your money with us.

SECOND NATIONAL BANK

Connellsville, Pa.

4% Interest Paid on Savings Accounts.

Industry Is Essential

A person cannot expect to prosper solely by pleasure. Success in any line requires application, diligence and economy.

Start an account with us—it will help you.

4% Interest Paid.

Title & Trust Company

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Connellsville, Pa.

Oldest Savings Bank in Fayette County

Capital and Surplus \$425,000.00

A CONFIRMED STATEMENT

Evidence Connellsville Readers Will Appreciate

Downs Kidney Pills have done splendid work in this locality. Have merited the unstinted praise they have received.

Here is evidence of their value that none can doubt.

It is testimony from this locality twice-told and well confirmed.

Such endorsements are unique in the annals of medicine.

Should convince the most skeptical Connellsville reader.

Mr. J. J. Blackburn 921 Pittsburg St., Scottsdale, Pa. says: "You may continue to publish the testimonial I gave in favor of Downs' Kidney Pills in October 1907 for the relief this brought has been permanent. I have also taken Downs' Kidney Pills when suffering from backache and pains in my kidneys and I have always received prompt relief. Downs' Kidney Pills are a preparation of merit for the purposes for which their use is intended. For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Nibbel Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States."

Remember the name—Down's—and take no other—Advertisement.

J. B. KURTZ,

NOTARY PUBLIC AND REAL ESTATE.

No. 3 South Meadow Lane, Connelville, Pa.

JOHNSTON COAL CO.

Are ready to supply you with RUN OF MINE OR LUMP COAL.

Call on either phone.

Box 324 Tri-State 150.

MOLLY McDONALD

A TALE OF THE FRONTIER

By RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "Keith of the Border," "My Lady of Doubt," "My Lady of the South," etc. etc.

Illustrations by V. L. Barnes

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"Oh, yes, Mr. Moylan did; said he never lost chances on having to go hungry. It was in a fat leather pouch."

"Haversack, I have it. That will be enough to carry, with the canteen. Now there is only one thing more before we leave. We must impress those fellows with the notion that we are wide-awake, and on guard yet. See any movement out there?"

"I am not sure," she answered doubtfully. "There is a black smudge beyond that dead pony; lean forward here and you can see what I mean—on the ground, I—I imagined it moved just then." She pointed into the darkness. "It is the merest shadow, but seemed to wiggle along, and then stop. It's still there."

Hamlin focused his keen eyes on the spot indicated, shading them with one hand.

"Slide back further on the seat," he whispered softly, "and let me in next the window."

There was a moment's silence, the only sound the wind. The girl gripped the back of the seat nervously with both hands, holding her breath; the Sergeant, the outline of his face all doubtless against the sky, stared motionless into the night without. Suddenly, not making a sound, he lifted the rifle to his shoulder.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Way to the River.

She waited in agony as he sighted carefully, striving to gauge the distance. It seemed an interminable time before his finger pressed the trigger. Then came the report, a flash of flame, and the powder smoke blown back in her face. Half-blinded by the discharge, she yet saw that black smudge leap upright; again the Henry blazed, and the dim figure went down. There was a cry—a mad yell of rage—in which scattered voices joined; splits of fire cleaving the darkness the barking of guns of different caliber. A bit of flying lead tore through the leather back of the coach with an odd rip; another struck the casing of the door, sending the wooden splinters flying like arrows. Haveracked Hamlin fired twice more, aiming at the sparks, firmly certain that a responding howl from the left evidenced a hit. Then, as quickly, all was still; intensely black once more. The Sergeant drew back from the window, leaning his arm against the casing.

"That will hold them for a while," he said cheerfully. "Two less out there, I reckon, and the others won't get careless again right away. Now is our time; are you ready?"

There was no response, the stillness so profound he could hear the faint ticking of the girl's watch. He reached out, almost alarmed, and touched her dress.

"What is the trouble?" he questioned anxiously. "Didn't you hear me speak?"

He waited breathless, but there was no movement, no sound, and his hand trembling in spite of his iron nerve, groped its way upward. She was lying back against the opposite window, her head bent sideways.

"My God," he thought, "did those devils get her?"

She lifted her slight figure up on one arm, all else blotted out, all other memory vanished through this instant dread. His cheek struck where flying splinters had struck him, but that was nothing. She was warm, her flesh was warm; on his searching fingers felt the moist blood trickling down from the edge of her hair. He let out his breath slowly, the sudden relief almost choking him. It was bad enough surely, but not what he had first feared, not death. She had been struck hard—a flying splinter of wood, perhaps, or a deflected bullet—her hair matted with blood, yet it was no more than a flesh wound, although leaving her unconscious. He waited, but it was but for an instant. The entire situation recurred to him in a flash; he must change his plans, but dare waste no time. If they were to escape it must be accomplished now, shadowed by darkness, while savage watchers were safely beyond sound. His lean jaws set with fierce determination, and he grimly lifted his belt forward, one sleeve surely flaring the revolver. He would have to trust to that weapon entirely for defense; he could not carry both the rifle and the girl.

Moving slowly, cautiously, fearful lest some creaking of the old stage might betray his motions to those keen ears below, he backed through the open door. Once feeling the ground firm beneath his feet, and making sure that both canteen and haversack were secure, he reached back into the darkness, grasping the form of the unconscious girl. He stood erect with her held securely in his arms, strands of hair blowing against his cheek, listening intently, striving with keen eyes to penetrate the black curtain. The wind was fortunately blowing steadily across the flat from the river, and they were surely invisible against the background of the overhanging bluff. He did not even feel it necessary to crouch low to avoid discovery. He knew that peril would confront them later, when they



How Light She Seemed, as Though He Clapsed a Child.

Turkish Army Is a Queer Combination Of Efficiency and Meager Equipment

CONSTANTINOPLE, Nov. 5.—While the Turkish army is in many respects the equal of the fighting machines of the west, in other respects it compares unfavorably only with a semi-civilized people. The cavalry horses, as a rule, are fine animals and are fully equal to the work expected of them. But in the handling of army supplies there is a crudity that is surprising. The picture shows one of these incidents. A man was seen on the streets carrying empty tins in which food supplies were to be packed. He had a load that would have been a fair burden for a wagon, but he was slowly making his way toward the commissary department.



SUPPLIES FOR TURKISH ARMY. TURKISH BUGLES.

voice, "Is it really you? Where are you? What has happened?" He told her rapidly, his face bent close, realizing that she was clinging to him again as she had once before back in the stage. As he ended, she lifted one hand to her wound. "And I am not really hurt—not seriously," her voice bewildered. "I never realized I had been struck. And you carried me all that way—"

"I can hardly comprehend yet. Please explain again," they are back there watching for us still, believing we are in the coach; they will follow our trail as soon as it becomes daylight. Why—why, the sky is brighter over in the east already, isn't it? What was it you said we must do?"

"Get across the river; once hidden in those sand-dunes over there we'll be safe enough."

"Across the river?" she repeated the words dully, sitting up to stare out toward the water. Then her head sank into her hands. "Can we—can we ever do that?"

Hamlin bent forward on his knees, striving with keen eyes, sharpened by his night's experience, to learn more of what lay before them. The movement, slight as it was, served to frighten her, and she grasped him by the sleeve.

"Do not leave me; do not go away," she implored softly. "Whatever you say is best, I will do."

CHAPTER IX.

Across the River.

He dropped his hand upon hers, clasping the clinging fingers tightly. "Yes, we can make it," he answered confidently. "Wait until I make sure what is out there."

He had slight recollection of the sand-dunes at this point, although he had crossed it often enough at the lower ford, both above and below. Yet these crossings had always been uncomplained with a horse under him, and a knowledge of where the trail ran. But he knew the stream, its peculiarities and dangers. It was not the volume of water, nor its depth he feared, for as wide as it appeared stretching from bank to bank, he realized its shallow sluggishness. The peril lay in quicksand, or the plunging into some unseen hole, where the sudden swirl of water might pull them under. Alone he would have risked it recklessly, but with her added weight in his arms, he realized how a single false step would be fatal. The farther shore waiting that she was engaged, and the reaction, the knowledge that they had actually attained the shore safely, left him weak as a child, hardly able to comprehend the fact. The girl was upon her feet first, alarmed and solicitous, bending down to touch him with her hand.

"Sergeant, you are not hurt?" she questioned. "Tell me you are not hurt?"

"Oh, no," dragging himself up the bank, yet pausing as he endeavored to speak cheerfully. "Only that was a rather hard pull, the last of it, and I am short of breath. I shall be all right in a moment."

There was a sand-dune just beyond, and he seated himself and leaned against it.

"I am beginning to breathe easier already," he explained. "Sit down here, Miss McDonald. We are safe enough now in this darkness."

"You are all wet, soaking wet."

"That is nothing; the sand is warm yet from yesterday's sun, and my clothes will dry fast enough. It is beginning to grow light in the east."

The faces of both turned in that direction where appeared the first twilight approach of dawn. Already were visible the dark lines of the opposite shore, across the gleam of water, and beyond appeared the dim outline of the higher bluffs. The slope between river and hill, however, remained in impenetrable darkness. The minds of both fugitives reverted to the same scene—the wrecked stage with its dead passengers within, its savage watchers without. She lifted her head, and the soft light reflected on her face.

"I thank God we are not over there now," she said falteringly.

"Yes," he admitted. "They will be creeping in closer; they will not wait much longer. Hard as I have worked, I can't realize yet that we are out of those terrors."

"You did not expect to succeed?"

"No; frankly I did not; all I could



Her Figure Trembled in His Arms and Her Eyes Opened.

He lifted her head upon one arm, and using the handkerchief from about his throat, was washing away the blood that matted her hair. Now that his fingers felt the wound, he realized so force of the blow stunning her, although its outward manifestation was slight. Her figure trembled in his arms and her eyes opened, gazing up at him with a look of intense fear.

"There is no hotel over in those sand-hills. Now hold on tight."

He swung her easily to his broad shoulder, clasping her slender figure closely with one arm.

"That's it! Now get a firm grip. I'll carry you all right."

To the girl, that passage was never more than a dim memory. Still partially dazed from the severe blow on

her head, she closed her eyes as Hamlin stepped cautiously down into the stream and clung to him, desperately, expecting each moment to be flung forward into the water. But the Sergeant's mind was upon his work, and every detail of the struggle left its impress on his memory. He saw the dark sweep of the water, barely visible in the gleam of those few stars, unobscured by cloud, and felt the sluggish flow against his legs as he moved. The bottom was soft, yet his feet did not sink deeply, although it was rather difficult wading. However, the clay gave him more confidence than sand underfoot, and there was less depth of water even than he had anticipated. He was wet only to the thighs when he tumbled up on to the low spit of sand, and put the girl down a moment to catch a fresh breath and examine the broader stretch of water ahead. They could see both shores now, that which they had just left, a black, lumping, dim outline. Except for the lapping of the water at their feet, all was deathly still. Even the Indian fire had died out, and it was hard to conceive that savages were hidden behind that black veil, and that they two were actually fleeing for their lives. To the girl it was like some dreadful delirium of sleep, but the man felt the full struggle. There was a star well down in the south he chose to guide by, but beyond that he must trust to good fortune. Without a word he lifted her again to his shoulder, and pushed on.

The water ran deeper, pushing off rapidly, until it rose well above his waist, and with sufficient current so that he was compelled to lean against it to maintain balance, scarcely venturing forward a foot at a time. Once he stumbled over some obstruction, barely averting a fall; he felt the swift clutch of her fingers at his throat, the quick adjustment of her body, but her lips gave no utterance of alarm. His groping feet touched the edge of a hole, and he turned, facing the current, tracing his way care-

fully until he found a passage on solid bottom. A bit of driftwood swirled down out of the night; a water-soaked limb, striking against him before it was even seen, bruised one arm, and then dodged past like a wild thing, leaving a glitter of foam behind. The sand-dunes grew darker, more distinct, the water began to grow shallow, the bottom changing from mud to sand. He slipped and staggered in the uncertain footing, his breath coming in quicker gasps, yet with no cessation of effort. Once he felt the dread of such about his ankles, and broke into a reckless run, splashing straight forward, falling at the water's edge, yet not before the girl was resting safely on the soft sand.

Strong as Hamlin was, his muscles trained by strenuous outdoor life, he lay there for a moment utterly helpless, more exhausted from the nervous strain indeed, than the physical exertion. He had realized fully the desperate nature of that passage, expecting every step to be engulfed, and the reaction, the knowledge that they had actually attained the shore safely, left him weak as a child, hardly able to comprehend the fact. The girl was upon her feet first, alarmed and solicitous, bending down to touch him with her hand.

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do was hope—like the one chance left. The slightest accident meant betrayal. I am ashamed of being so weak just now, but it was the strain. You see," he explained carefully, "I've been scouting through hostile Indian country mostly day and night for nearly a week, and then this thing happened. No matter how soon a man is his nerve goes back on him after a while."

"I know."

"It wasn't myself," he went on doggedly, "but it was the knowledge of having to take care of you. That was what made me worry; that, and knowing a single misstep, the slightest noise, would bring those devils on us, where I couldn't fight, where there was just one thing I could do."

There was silence, her hands pressed to her face, her eyes fixed on him. Then she questioned him soberly. "You mean, kill me?"

"Sure," he answered simply, without looking around; "I would have had to do it—just as though you were a sister of mine."

Her hands reached out and clasped his, and he glanced aside at her face, seeing it clearly.

"I—I thought you would," she said, her voice trembling. "I—I was going to ask you once before I was hurt; but—but I couldn't, and somehow I trusted you from the first, when you got in." She hesitated, and then asked: "How did you know I was Molly McDonald? You never asked."

The Sergeant's eyes smiled, turning away from her face to stare out across the river.

"Because I had seen your picture."

"My picture? But you told us you were from Fort Union?"

"Yes; that is my station, only I had been sent to the commandant on the Cimarron with dispatches. Your father was in command there, and worried half to death about you. He could not leave the post, and the only officer remaining there with him was a disabled cavalry captain. Every man he could trust was out on scouting service. He took a chance on me. Maybe he liked my looks, I don't know; more probably, he judged I wouldn't be a sergeant and entrusted with those dispatches I'd just brought in, if I wasn't considered trustworthy. Anyhow I had barely fallen asleep when the orderly called me, and the man who was wanted—that I ride north and head you off."

"But you were not obliged to go?"

"No; I was not under your father's orders. I doubt if I would have consented if I hadn't been shown your picture. I couldn't very well refuse then."

She sat with hands clasped together, her eyes shadowed by long lashes. "I should have thought these would have been some soldiers there—his own men."

"There were," dryly, "but the army just now is recruited out of pretty tough material. To be in the ranks is almost a confession of good-for-nothingness. You are an officer's daughter and understand this to be true."

"You," she answered doubtfully. "I have been brought up thinking so; only, of course, there are exceptions."

"No doubt, and I hope I am already counted one."

"You know you are. My father trusted you, and so do I."

"I have wondered sometimes," he said musingly, watching her face barely visible in the dawn, "whether those of your class actually considered us as being really human, as anything more valuable than mere food for powder. I came into the regular army at the close of the war from the volunteer service. I was accustomed to discipline and all that, and knew my place. But I never suspected then that a private soldier was considered a dog. Yet that was the first lesson I was compelled to learn. It has been pretty hard sometimes to hold in, for there was a time when I had some social standing and could resent an insult."

She was looking straight at him, surprised at the bitterness in his voice.

(To be Continued.)

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